

DEDICATED
TO

Mrs. T. J. Van Dorn.

BUNKER HILL ILLS.

EVENING.

Song by

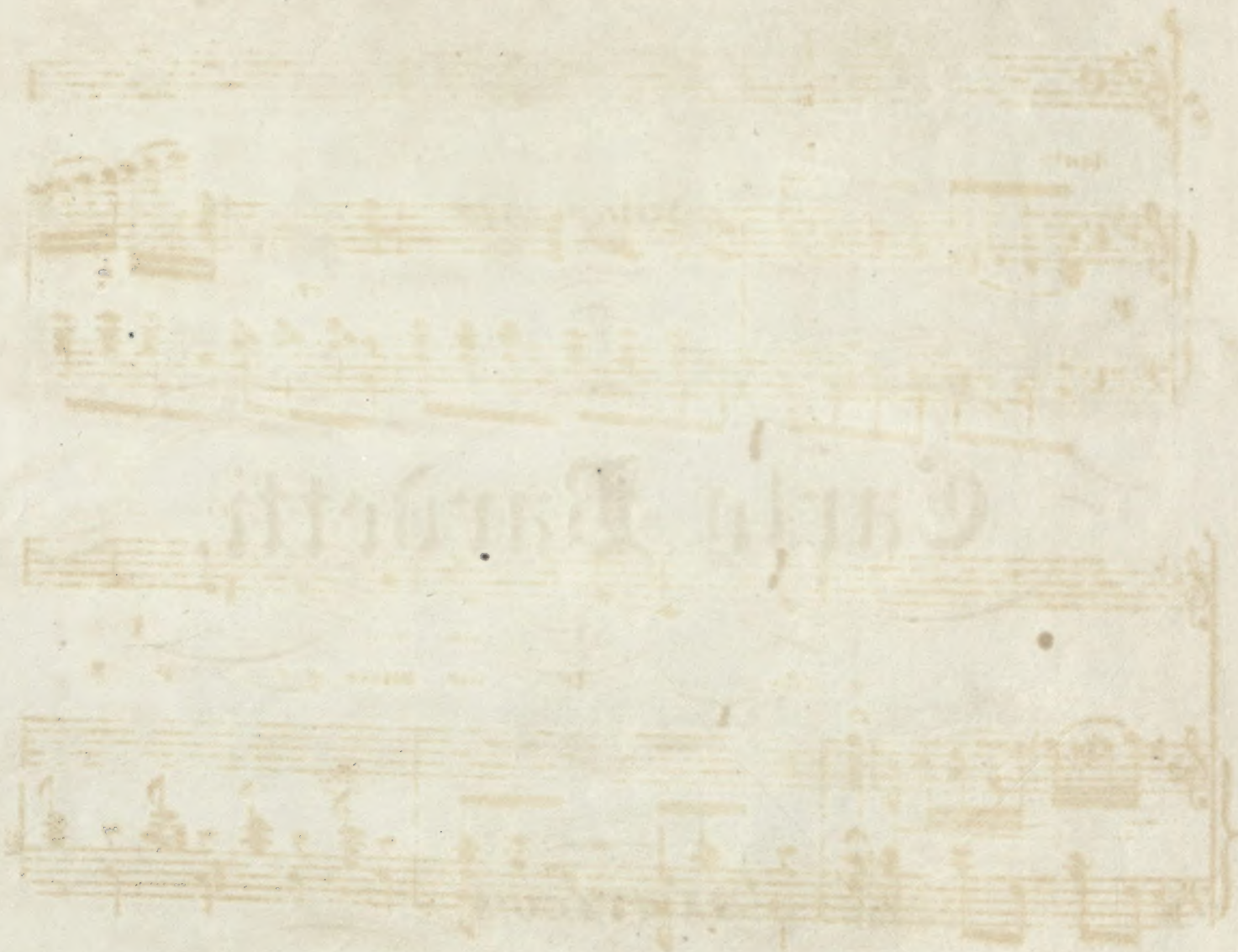
Carlo Bardetti.



SAINT LOUIS

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EVENING



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EVENING

COMPOSED BY

CARLO BARDETTI

Voice *Andante*
 Piano *p* *cres*

3.v. O, how sweet, at day's de - clin - ing,
 1.v. See the sha - dows now are stea - ling
 2.v. O'er the vale the mists are creep - ing:

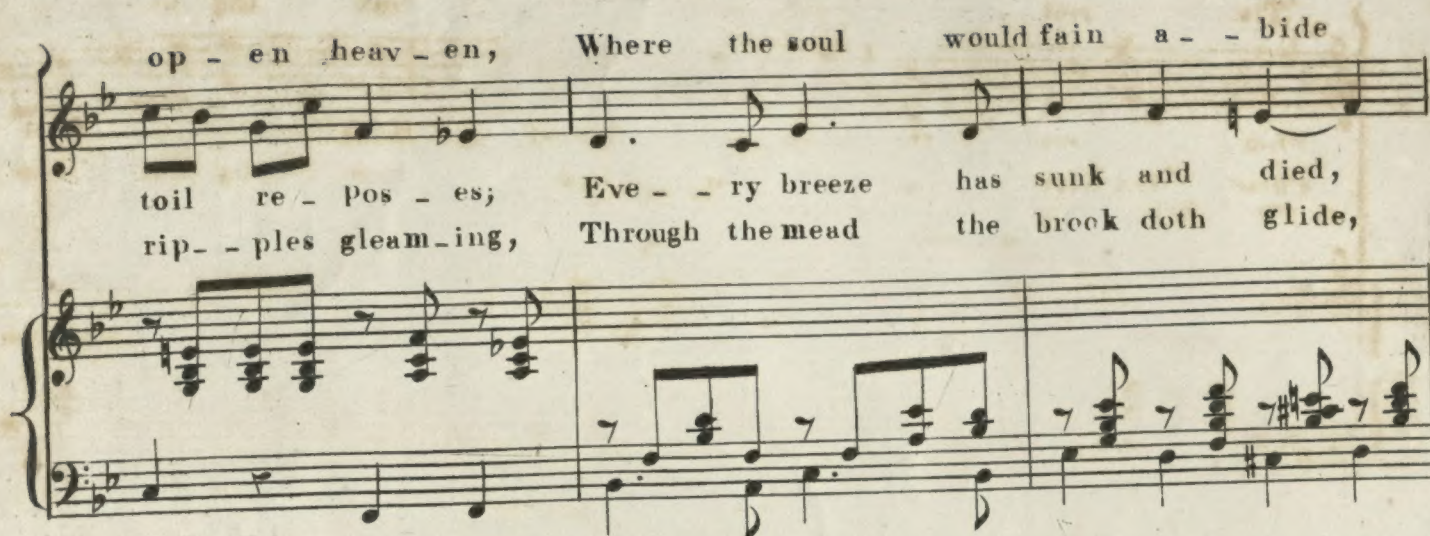
'Tis to rest from earth-born care; Gaz - - ing on those
 Slow - - ly down the moun-tain breast; Hark! the tur - - ret
 Chant - - ing hive - - ward goes the bee; One by one the

con moto

far worlds shin - - ing, Dream - - ing that our home is there.
 bells are peal - - ing Chee - - ri - ly the hour of rest.
 stars are peep - - ing Through the wel - - kin tran - - quil - ly.

Though the shad - - owy gates of e - - ven Shut out earth, they
 Now the mel - - low day - light clo - ses; All the world from
 Murmur - ing like a child a - - dream - ing, Star - - light on its

op - en heav - en, Where the soul would fain a - - bide
toil re - pos - es; Eve - - ry breeze has sunk and died,
rip - - ples gleam - ing, Through the mead the brook doth glide,



In the ho - - ly e - - ven - - tide.
'Tis the peace - ful e - - ven - - tide.
In the sol - - emn e - - ven - - tide.

